

# Ys 1 Backstory (PC88 Manual Translation)

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This is a complete translation of the original PC88 Manual's background story section (pages 5-32). It explains [Adol's](#) journey from his hometown to [Promalock](#), then [Port Barbado](#), and finally to [Minea](#), where many versions of [Ys 1](#) begin.

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# Introduction

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Have you heard of [Adol Christin](#)?

[Adol Christin](#)... A thousand years ago, or possibly even several hundred years more, he was born in a small, backwater town on the western shore of the continent of [Eresia](#) in the northeast of the Europa region. From the time he was 16 until his death at 63, he was an intrepid adventurer who visited many foreign lands, principally around Europa.

Born of a poor family of farmers, it was evident to all that he was a young man brimming with curiosity, interested in any topic. In particular, he wanted to learn about the world outside of his small village. One day, he happened to meet a traveler who came to his village. This made him decide to travel and experience adventure himself.

In that time, society was limited to just foot and boat travel, so the breadth of [Adol's](#) exploration is truly impressive. It is said that he traveled to the center of [Afroca](#) to the South, as far as the [River Tigres](#) in Orietta in the East and, in his final years, set his sights on the North Pole - though it appears he failed to have gotten there.

From what we can tell, we get the impression that it would be appropriate to describe him as having an inquisitive, adventurous spirit, which yearned to visit strange foreign lands. As he visited places, he recorded the events in journals, which he left for posterity.

A representative example of his journals might be:

- [The Five Dragons of Altago](#)
- [The Foliage Ocean in Celceta](#)
- [The Sand City of Kefin](#)

These are the sorts of stories he recorded. Unlike the man himself, who swept through the Western world like a storm, his travelogues, which exceed 100 volumes, currently lie preserved in the basement storeroom of his family home. Through reading these tomes, we hope to come to understand exactly what sort of adventurer he was.

The tale that we record henceforth, the first translation and novelization that we have done to memorialize his journeys, is taken from the opening section of "[The Ancient, Vanished Kingdom](#)." This adventure begins in the Kingdom of [Esteria](#), which now lies on the ocean floor. The details for how he came to be in [Esteria](#) shall be weaved into our story.

In this era, light and darkness were still in total chaos. We would like you to read this volume experiencing what he did and feeling as if you were the man himself.

## Drifting Ashore at [Esteria](#)

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On the day [Adol](#) drifted ashore to [Esteria](#), the Whitehorn Beach, which overlooked the vast [Duarl Sea](#) to its south, had just been struck by a storm the previous day and it was now experiencing a calm morning. The beach was completely covered by a white mist and it was impossible to see as much as an inch ahead of oneself. Within this world of white mist, one could only hear the ceaseless echo of the waves quietly breaking upon the shore.

After some time, a cold wind blew into the mist from the mountains, through the dense forest to the north. Alongside the gentle rustling of the trees, the mist started being pushed away towards the sea. With this, the area around the beach became more visible. The twin moons were high in the sky to the west, which was still colored a rich dark with the night. Hanging before the moons were the vestiges of last night's storm. Fragments of its dark clouds trailed off far to the east.

The change in the eastern sky from indigo to violet and violet to crimson were due to the sun, which was just now rising. The mist had already cleared from the beach and it was tinged with a slight red from the light to the east. The beach shone, as if it was ornamented with rubies.

The Whitehorn Beach was on the southern tip of Tuteppe Isle in the southern portion of [Esteria](#). It ran lengthwise from west to east in a gentle arc like a bow. It is said to have been about 1 kilomeyle (about 1.2 kilometers) long. When drawn on a map, the beach looked like the horn of the legendary unicorn. Thus, those who lived in the area also called it "The Horn of the Unicorn." The width of the beach ranged from 20 meyle to 40 meyle (1 meyle is about 1.2 meters) depending on the ebb and flow of the tide. On the north side of the island ran a dense forest, extending across the entire area (in truth, over half of [Esteria](#) was covered in forest).

The unique white color of the beach was quite rare elsewhere. It was, however, found here, where the sand was mixed with about half jadeite. For that reason, it reflected the sun well and, at dawn and dusk, it was dyed red in those places where the sky wasn't covered in clouds.

Lying face-down, passed-out on the beach, which was shining in the dawn light, was [Adol](#), clothes in tatters. [Adol](#) was completely soaked to the bone and, around him, lay debris of varying sizes from a shipwreck. His body was not moving, even as much as a twitch. All he was doing was lying on the white beach.

The sun eventually rose high in the air and shone over the sea foam, the beach, the forest, and the towering, distant mountains. In the forest, the evening-gales seemed to chirp a melody that sounded like "again, the long midday has arrived" and returned to their nests.

Summer was beginning in [Esteria](#).



At this time of year, [Esteria's](#) midday was about twice as long as its night. In the Summer Solstice, it was about three times as long. For nocturnal creatures, there was no worse time than this.

It was after a third of this long midday had passed that [Adol](#) had regained consciousness. The waves of high tide were just barely dampening the tips of his feet. The shadows of the clouds in the clear blue mackerel sky passed over him. The wind was warm and the beach was fragrant with the smell of sea water.

[Adol](#) set off, making it his first priority to leave the beach. He set out towards the forest. His hair was disheveled, since it was soaked in salt water, and his face showed clear exhaustion. The beach was, with the sun shining above and the sand reflecting it below, considerably warm.

[Adol](#) entered the shade of the trees and, placing his hand on the trunk of a tree, shuddered and collapsed. He had already run out of energy to move. He was unstable and barely conscious. Sparks danced before his eyes and he felt sick to his stomach. He felt like he was full of seawater. His breathing was violent and pain shot through him all over his body as if something was striking him.

Although he wanted to know where he was, he decided to rest his body for now. And then, around the time the sun was in the south, he finally stood up. Although was still somewhat exhausted, he was somehow able to move around.

[Adol](#) went out to the beach and walked around the area, looking around. Where he had collapsed earlier was now completely submerged in the high tide. "That high tide... If I hadn't woken up..." [Adol](#) felt a chill down his spine.

[Adol](#) could see, on the horizon, a series of mountains, topped with snow, forming a line of islands... No, rather, he could see a whole continent. When he saw this, [Adol](#) instantly knew exactly where he was. [Adol](#) had, for several weeks (up until just the day before yesterday), spent time in a port city in that continent. Just yesterday, he tried to cross to [Esteria](#) in a boat and, along the way, he came upon a violent storm and shipwrecked on this beach.

[Adol](#) turned around to his right and looked at the scenery behind him. Beyond the forest, deeper into the island, an imposing cliff face loomed before him. This was the Pliches Mountain, which was a mountain that people had said existed in [Esteria](#). Atop the peak of the mountain, there was an enormous crater that was 200 meyles in diameter. It is also said that the ruins of a shrine from an ancient era existed there as well.



After staring at this mountain range for some time, [Adol](#) bent down to the beach and took some sand into his hand and looked at it. This was unlike any other country he had ever seen. This was white sand that seemed mixed with jadeite. This reaffirmed that he was indeed in [Esteria](#), where he had set his sights on earlier. Fixing his eyes towards the continent, he was reminded of the stories of those who had been given the opportunity to come to this place themselves.

## **Memories of [Promalock](#)**

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It was about three weeks before [Adol](#) had drifted ashore in [Esteria](#).

[Adol](#) was walking west along a mountain road, which was lined with many Japanese white birch trees. The weather was excellent and it was the beginning of Summer. The whole area was filled with the fragrant smells of fresh leaves. In the skies, Alpine Swift families were spreading their wide wings, catching the air and gliding high, painting large circles in the air.

The sun was already in the south and heat haze was rising from the mountain ridge. [Adol](#) took a small break beneath a large tree on the side of the road and took his jumper off and, rolling it up, placed it in his leather rucksack. The weather was so warm that you absolutely could not wear anything sort of outer clothing. He took a leather flask out of his rucksack and took a sip. There wasn't even half of the water left in the flask when he was done.

"Is this going to last all the way to the summit?!" Saying this, [Adol](#) put the stopper back in his flask and returned it to his rucksack.

He had heard from a village at the foot of the mountain that there was no other source of water between here and the summit. [Adol](#) wiped the sweat off his brow and, having taken his rest, swung his rucksack over his shoulder, stood up, and faced west and began climbing again.

It had already been a year and a half since he left his hometown, heading far south on his adventurous journey. [Adol](#) had already crossed the borders of two countries and had entered the land of [Gllia](#) of the [Romun](#)

[Empire](#) (which had desires at the time to unify all of Europa). [Adol](#) was headed for the town of [Promalock](#), which was the largest port town in the entire region, being an important point for trade within the [Romun Empire](#) as well as engaging in foreign trade with a variety of other countries.

As far as [Adol](#) was concerned, his destination wasn't the western port city at all. This morning, he passed by a small village. His intention was to stop by the village briefly, then head along the highway south to the Sahala Desert, where there was sand as far as the eye could see. However, hearing from the villagers that there was some sort of violent conflict going on just then at the northern part of the desert, he reluctantly decided to head west. His plan was to take a boat in the port city and head towards the various countries and archipelagos in the northwest, hopefully finding adventure there.

That being said, he actually had not experienced what he would call an "adventure" yet - not even once. He had not yet done anything like fighting a dragon or finding treasure hidden in a castle - these were still just a dream within a dream. He had not heard any exciting rumors like these either, no matter where he went. He had just been going from town to town, over and over, running around here and there and earning money for his travels.

Nonetheless, he quite enjoyed his lifestyle. One element of this was the warm relationships he was able to forge with other people. But, regardless of anything else, he simply enjoyed hearing all the fascinating stories about the world. Vast ice floes, burning water, desert illusions - whatever it was, it thrilled him to hear of it. Someday, he would go to the countries featured in these stories. It was this adventurous spirit that allowed him to continue on his journey.

When [Adol](#) reached the peak of the summit of the mountain path, the sun was already sinking in the west. As the villagers said, there was a pond of spring water. [Adol](#) filled his flask at the edge of the pond and wet his parched throat.

[Adol](#) used the area around the small pond as a makeshift sightseeing point and was able to see the surrounding scenery as clearly as he would if he were there. The south and the east were surrounded by mountains. To the far south were a line of snow-topped mountains. In the other direction, he was able to see the [Duarl Sea](#) to the north and the port city of [Promalock](#) was visible to his west. Due to the weather, the town was covered with mist and could not be seen clearly. All he could see were ships moored at the docks and too many white-walled buildings to count. Beyond that, he could also see, albeit faintly, a lighthouse on a mountain to the west of the city.

"Is this the port city of [Promalock](#)?"

Adol trembled. The size of the town and, most of all, the vastness of the never-ending ocean, caused a sort of strange anticipation of what's to come to well up in his chest. He swung his rucksack over his shoulder and began to walk briskly down towards the town at the base of the mountain.

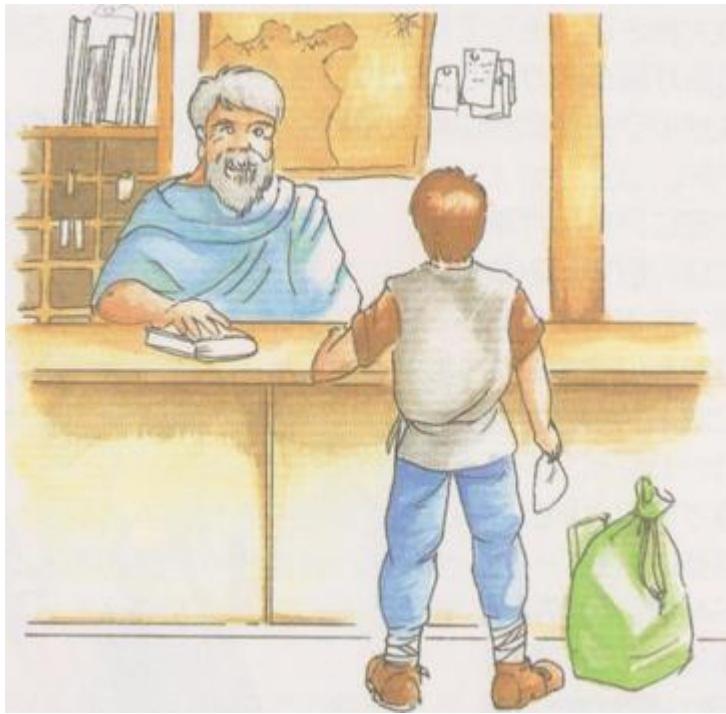


The sun had already sunk by the time Adol reached the town. Torches were mounted near the front doors of the homes in this village and the mosaic tile roads shone brightly. Having now come to this town, the first thing that struck Adol were these roads. The fine stones, which could change their colors in myriad ways, were covering the road in elaborate patterns, not leaving so much as a crack unaccounted for. These seemed to take the place of the sorts of signs, doorplates, and such that normally told you where things were or who lived in what homes. With this system, it is unlikely that even people totally new to the town would get lost. Admiring the vibrant town, Adol began walking in the direction of where a hotel had been painted. His plan was to take tonight and rest and then explore the town further tomorrow.

As he was headed to the hotel, he could not help but notice the large number of foreigners here. There were black-skinned Afrocans, women who had half their faces covered with scarves that were likely of Orietta origin, and, among these groups, some spoke strange languages and had facial tattoos. These people were mostly merchants here to do business. They had come here seeking rare goods from the Romun Empire or foreign lands and were frantically trying to buy them up for cheap.

Adol also saw quite a few people like clowns or slaves. The clowns were in places like the harbor area or the town square, where many people were gathered. They were exciting their audiences with magic tricks, animal stunts, and other techniques. The Afrocan slaves had many painful looking scars all over their bodies left over from being struck with whips. These sorts of people were passing Adol by on the main street as he was headed to the hotel.

"Welcome to the hotel!"



The innkeeper closed the book he was reading and smiled at [Adol](#) as he entered the lobby. This was a simple inn, with wood plank flooring and walls and the ceiling supported by stone pillars. There was no one else in the lobby besides [Adol](#) and the innkeeper. Besides those two, there was simply a small table and a chair. It did not look like there were many people staying here - compared to the bustling streets outside, this place was as quiet as a ghost. However, even a hotel like this was extravagant compared to the homes in the town [Adol](#) had come from.

"I would actually only want to stay a single night." [Adol](#) came up to the counter and took his rucksack off his shoulder, placing it on the floor. The innkeeper said that his name was [Biksen](#). He seemed to be over 40 and his stomach was large and round like a pregnant woman's. His jaw and lips were framed by facial hair that was flecked with white.

"If you're just staying the night, it will be 30 denel. If you want dinner and breakfast as well, it will be an additional 5 denel." For his frame, [Biksen](#) had a somewhat high voice.

"Well then, let's add meals then." [Adol](#) took the money out of his breast pocket and placed it on the counter. Afterwards, he had less than 10 denel on his person.

As [Adol](#) was writing his name on the hotel register, [Biksen](#) was sizing him and inquired "So, where ya from? You don't seem to be from around these parts, is all..."

He explained that [Adol's](#) flax shirt and trousers, as well as his ox-hide jumper, were an uncommon sight around these parts. People of the [Romun Empire](#) typically wore long, comfortable clothing made of silk, fur, and cotton. [Biksen](#) himself was wearing a shirt made of fur and cotton and, above that, a silk toga.

"I come from a country far from here to the north-east."

"Oh, is that so! About how far is it?"

"About a 10 day's journey by horse, I think."

"Wow, coming here must have been quite difficult!"

"I wouldn't say that." [Adol](#) tore himself away from the hotel register and took his room key from [Biksen](#). His room, he was told, was on the third floor.

"Hey - where are you planning to go next?!" [Biksen](#) asked [Adol](#) on the stairs while he was showing him to his room.

"Well, I think for now I'm going to try to head northwest."

"Is that so? Well, if that's the case, you should give up on going to [Esteria](#) at a minimum. The country is cursed anyway."

"The country is cursed?!"

Around the time the two had reached [Adol's](#) room, there was a voice from downstairs. It seems a customer had arrived.

"Well, if you're interested - come to the lobby after dinner." Saying that, [Biksen](#) rushed downstairs. The hotel was so shabby that, as he walked, each footstep made creaking noises. For now, at least until dinner, [Adol](#) would relax in his room. He unlocked his door and went inside.

[Adol](#) had just finished his dinner in the first floor cafeteria area (incidentally, today's course was a scallop soup with codfish meunière - served with 2 pieces of bread and milk) and immediately headed for the lobby where [Biksen](#) was waiting. [Biksen](#) had prepared some black tea on the small table and told [Adol](#) everything he knew about [Esteria](#).

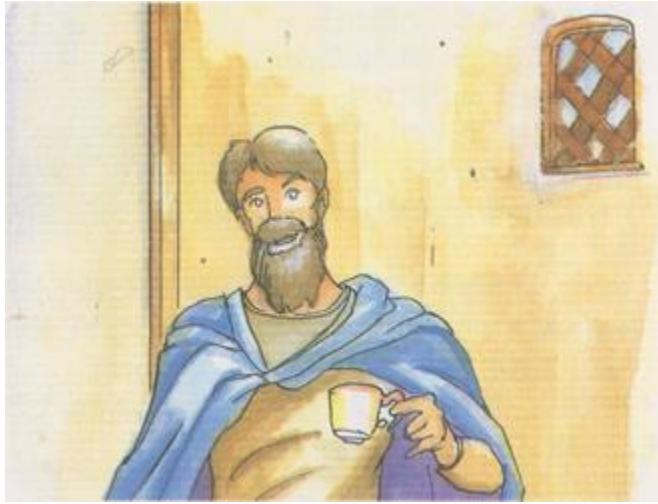
[Esteria](#) was a small country 40 kilomeyle to the north, housed like [Promalock](#) within the [Duarl Sea](#). [Biksen](#) explained that the landscape of the north side of the country was shockingly vast.

"Now, this doesn't mean that I've actually seen it - but [Esteria](#) has a gigantic 200 meyle crater in it. But I hear it's not because something struck it."

"Wait, what the heck?"

"Sorry, I don't know anything about the crater beyond that." [Biksen](#) shrugged in defeat and continued his story.

"People began calling the place cursed about six months ago." He explained that within the gigantic crater in [Esteria](#) were a number of mines that were famous for producing silver, as well as a number of other minerals and, until recently, [Promalock](#) had engaged in trade with the country. However, one day, the trade ties between the two countries were severed with a twang.



"What is really strange is, the boats that have left for [Esteria](#) have all been struck by a storm and been lost to the sea. Because of this, these days, the pool of merchants willing to try to trade with them has dried up." [Biksen](#) downed his cup of tea in a single gulp and poured himself another. [Adol](#) was simply dumbfounded.

"Oh, if you don't mind, and don't worry - it's included with your stay, would you prefer alcohol?" [Biksen](#) had noticed that [Adol](#) had not drank much of the tea he had been given.

"Oh no, this is fine." [Adol](#) quickly downed his tea. [Biksen's](#) story had enthralled [Adol](#) and he had totally forgotten about the tea.

"So you don't know the cause?" [Biksen](#) shook his head in response to [Adol's](#) question.

"It's really too bad. None of the poor bastards we've sent over to investigate it have returned - not a single one!" There was a brief period of silence before [Biksen](#) tried to change the topic.

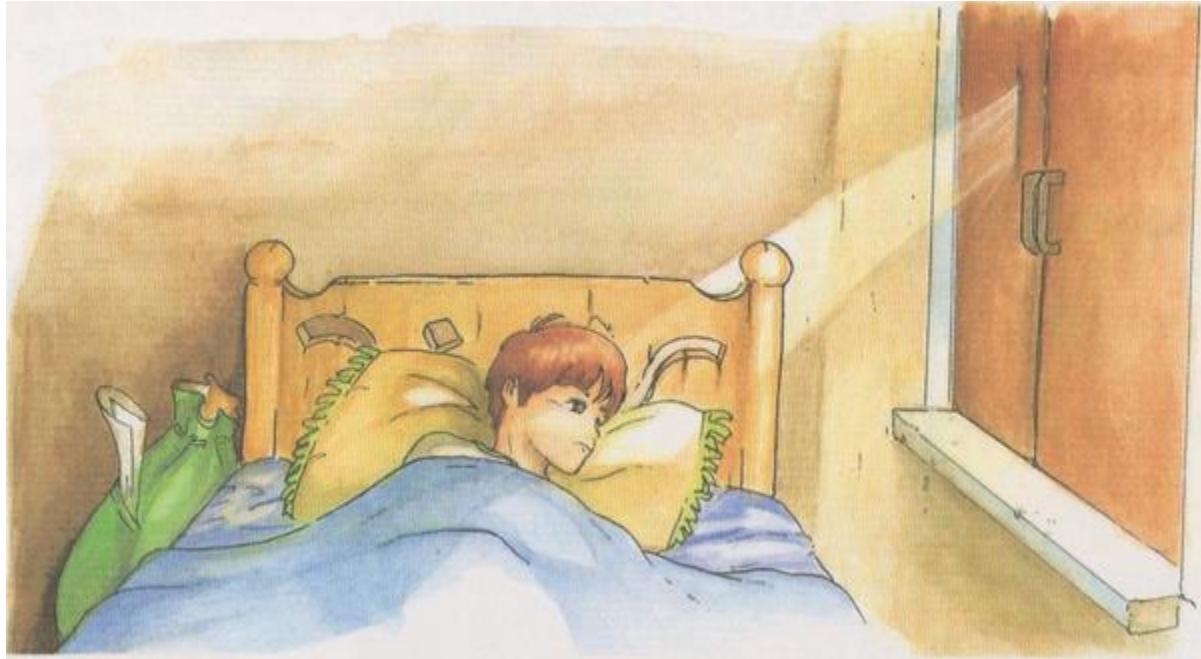
"Oh by the way, what do you plan to do tomorrow and beyond?!"

"I plan to find work here. Since I want to head north and it will obviously cost money to board a ship. Not to mention other things. Please tell me if you happen to know somewhere good!" [Biksen](#) stroked his beard and gave it some thought.

"Well, if you can boast some strength, a ship-hand job carrying stuff off the ships and putting it in warehouses might be good. I used to work that job myself a long time ago - it's good money." [Biksen](#) gave [Adol](#) a wide grin.

"Well, then, I'll do that."

"Tomorrow I'll show you to the harbor. For today though, it would be good for you to get to bed soon since you'll be working from tomorrow onward." Saying that, [Biksen](#) tidied up the teapot and cups. [Adol](#) followed his advice and headed up to his room.



[Adol](#) woke up the next morning. It had been a long time since he had slept in anything like a bed - a month, even. He normally spent the night in places like fields or stacks of hay in the corners of animal pens. When he opened the window, the dazzling light of morning shone into his room. He could see the sea clearly from his window and, on the coast, there was a group of fishing boats returning from their morning catch. There was also a larger cargo ship headed out to the open sea. [Adol](#) began scanning the horizon and, eventually, his gaze stopped when he was looking north. Something strange came into sight in the north out there on the horizon. It was an island. And in the very center of the island, there was something that looked like some kind of tower.

"Is that the [Demon's Tower?](#)!"

[Adol](#) remembered from his conversation with [Biksen](#) yesterday that, nearby the crater, was a stone tower of some kind. The people of [Promalock](#) called this the "[Demon's Tower.](#)" There was a knock on the door and [Biksen](#) entered.

"Well, you're certainly not an early riser! Breakfast is ready - come downstairs before it gets cold! Today I'll be taking you to the harbor." Shortly after saying this, [Biksen](#) approached the window and started tugging at [Adol's](#) arm.

"Well that's strange - being able to see [Esteria](#) as clearly as you can now." [Biksen](#) sounded genuinely surprised. The [Duarl Sea](#), which contained [Promalock](#) and [Esteria](#), was also known as the "Sea of Mists."

From [Promalock](#) it was typically impossible to see through the mists to [Esteria](#). Seeing it as clearly as today only happened once or twice a month. It was said that, at times when the mist was particularly bad, three months might even go by without being able to see [Esteria](#).

"How tall is that tower exactly?!" Adol suddenly tried asking [Biksen](#).

"Well, according to the seamen, it's about 2 or 300 meyle high."



Whatever the specifics were, it was quite enormous. Adol could not have imagined when he heard about the tower last night that it would be quite this large. But - just what sort of place was this, really...?

Adol's curiosity about Esteria grew stronger. In the afternoon, Adol, led by Biksen, arrived at the harbor. he met up with the man in charge, Norton and, before long, he was put to work.

Norton was younger than Biksen and was in splendid health. He was good-natured and cheerful, the other sailors were quite fond of him, and he enjoyed their full confidence. Adol swiftly became close to him and they became friends who were able to converse easily with one another.

After the work was over and night arrived, Norton would gather the sailors together and have them listen to stories of his old seafaring travels. Adol always joined in these gatherings and, before long, would find himself enraptured by Norton's stories.

One day, after many days had passed like this, Adol had started staring intently at the faint image of Esteria on the horizon. He began thinking that he wanted to go, just once, to this place, even if it is an island that is said to be inhabited by demons.

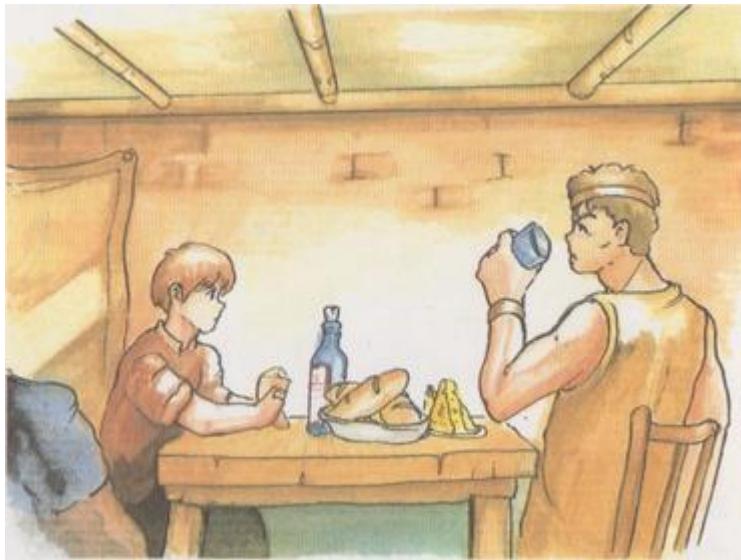
"Hey what's going on? You seein' something weird?!" Norton had walked up from behind Adol.

"No, I'll return to work immediately." Adol rushed back to the storehouse. Norton took a long look at what Adol was staring at and then tracked down where Adol had run off to.

That night, in a harbor restaurant filled with other sailors, Norton pulled up a seat across from Adol. As they were eating, Norton began to speak.

"You were lookin' at Esteria today, huh?"

Adol was a bit surprised by the sudden question, but he silently nodded.



"You should cut that out - thinking that you want to get over there. If you're incompetent, you'll just be throwing your life away."

Adol stopped eating his dinner. Norton was unfazed and continued chomping down on food. He began speaking again.

"You heard it from Biksen didn't you?! The bastards that have tried have all been struck by a storm and been lost to the sea! It's totally impossible to slip through the Stormwall!" Norton swallowed his food and wiped his mouth with a napkin.

"Even so..." Adol said, turning towards Norton. "Even so - I want to go!"

Norton stared into Adol's eyes and could see that he was serious. Before long, Norton gave a little laugh. "I like that. I gotta trust those eyes, don't I?! I'll give you a ship."

Adol's face lit up.

"However..." Norton's smile stiffened. "Beyond that, I'm not going to help you. Tomorrow, once you suggest to me that you quit or whatever, I'll give you a boat as payment. It's the exact cost you would have made by now working for me anyway."

"I won't ever say anything like I quit!" Adol raised his voice a little.

The sailors began to say "What's going on?" and looked over in Adol's direction. Adol's face had grown red and Norton, across from him, was struggling not to raise his voice.



The day grew dark and, the next morning, there was a small dinghy floating in the harbor. Standing by the ship were the other sailors who had listened to Norton's stories, there to send him off.

Adol had already boarded the ship and took the oars into his hands.

"This boat still doesn't have a name. It's new, but I don't think it will break easily, so please don't worry."

"Thank you - I can't think of the words to properly express my gratitude!"

"Don't worry about it. If you make it out alive, come back and tell us what's happening over there!"

Norton reached out and shook Adol's hand. Beyond him were the sailors who Adol had been working with for weeks now and they offered words of encouragement.

Adol silently began to row and depart from the harbor. Norton and his crew waved goodbye and kept a close eye on where the boat was going. After nearly an hour, the small boat was just a speck in the vast sea and it disappeared into the mist.

Just then, dark clouds began to hang over the sea and the wind began to blow.

"Damn it. Just as you'd expect - this storm has some nerve to appear now..." Norton glared at the dark clouds and thought of Adol.

Adol's ship was tossed by the waves and, with the down-pouring rain, was swiftly taking on water. Leaving the boat as it was, if it were to capsize, it would surely sink.



However, [Adol](#) did not know what to do in this situation. He could only do something like tie himself to the mast. If he did that, even if the ship was thrown around violently, he would not be tossed from it. This was a trick he learned from [Norton](#).

Having done that, a great wave hit the side of his boat and did serious damage and [Adol](#), with his boat, began to sink into the sea.

The indigo water frothed up and down around him and, surrounded by this seascape, he gradually lost consciousness.

## A Fight to the Death

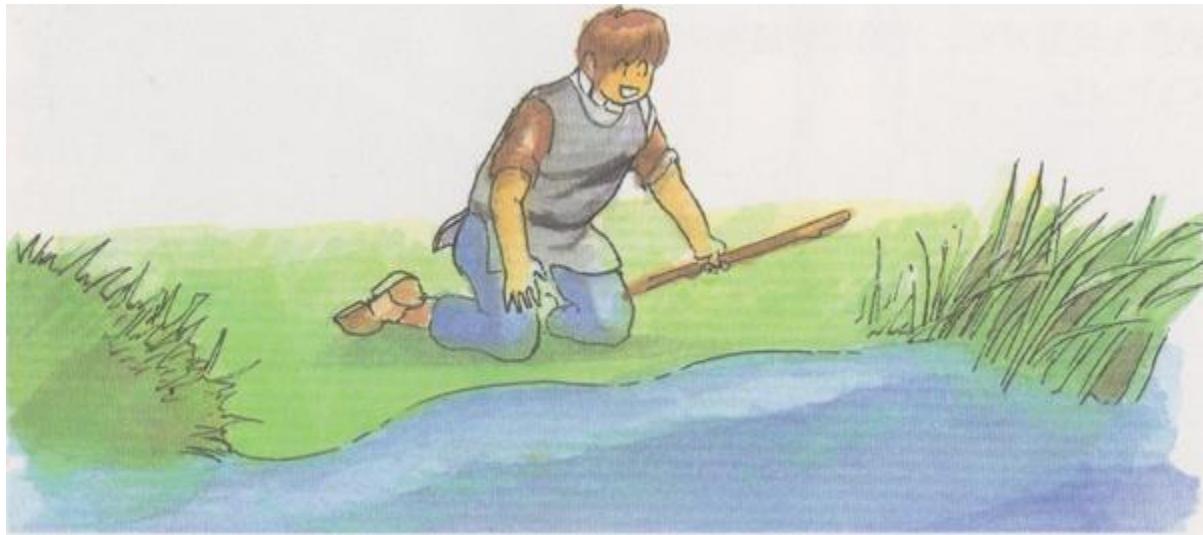
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We return to the present.

[Adol](#) continued east along Whitehorn Beach. Since the beach was just 1 kilomeyle long, it only took him 20 minutes to walk the whole thing. [Adol](#) stood before the reddish-brown rock of the cliff that blocked his path on the eastern tip of the beach. It seemed to continue on, curving further east from here. [Adol](#) wanted to try to figure out how to continue on from here, but his dehydrated state wouldn't allow it. Reluctantly, [Adol](#) left the beach and headed into the forest to look for a spring.

"It would have been better if I had just done this from the start," [Adol](#) thought to himself, grumbling, as he entered the cool forest. The forest was genuinely cool. It was principally made up of conifer trees and, with the heavy rain from last night, the ground was as muddy as one might expect it would be.

The forest was completely and totally silent. Normally, in a place like this you'd hear birds chirping or something like that, but the only sound here was the "squish, squish" of [Adol](#) walking through the mud on the forest floor. As he continued into the forest, eventually he heard the sound of running water. He hurried forward and looked and, as expected, he saw a brook running from his right to his left.



The brook was so thin that he could straddle it with his legs and, although it was quite cold when he tried scooping his hand into it, the water was also incredibly dirty. Adol headed right and started walking towards the source of the water. Before long, the forest had opened up and Adol could see where the brook was flowing from. It was a small, round pond about 5 meyle in diameter. Water seemed to be gushing up, flowing from the bottom of the pond. Adol knelt down by the edge and began drinking, both hands full of water he was scooping from the pond. The cold water was refreshing and exactly what his dry throat needed, so he filled up. However, the water was also so cold that it gave him a brain freeze.

After drinking his fill, the now-rested Adol sat down and dried his hands on his ragged clothing. He then took a good look at his body and noticed the many small cuts and bruises he had accumulated. They likely came about when he was in the sea, bumping up against the remnants of the shipwrecked boat.

"Ugh, they sting a bit"

Adol took off his outer clothing and washed his wounds in the pond. In place of a towel, he began drying his wounds with the salt that had attached itself to his body from the sea. He was doing this because he was paranoid that, with his numerous small wounds, if he did not disinfect now, he would come down with tetanus later.

Once he had finished, Adol took out the knife that he had on his belt and peeled off the bark from a straight, long, and thin branch that he had cut from a tree. He used the bark to make rope and, with this, attached his knife to the end of his branch. He had made a rudimentary spear.



While he was working in [Promalock](#), he had heard quite a lot of information about [Esteria](#) from sailors and merchants. One of the things that he had heard was that all around [Esteria](#) wandered a wide variety of monsters and wild beasts. It is said that these creatures wandered around as if [Esteria](#) was their domain and attacked people who crossed their paths.

"If you go to [Esteria](#), having a weapon is of the utmost import." Everyone told him this.

[Adol](#) took his makeshift spear into his hands and began following the brook downstream. Surely downstream, he told himself as he was walking, he would find a place someone lived. The river flowed loosely just a bit to the left and [Adol](#) followed where it went. As before, the forest was silent, with only the burbling of the brook and [Adol's](#) footsteps echoing. This was a bit too unnerving, so he picked up the pace to try to make his way out of the forest.

Just then, on his right, there was a swoosh and the sound of a nearby thicket rustling. [Adol](#), without even thinking, pointed his spear in the direction of the noise and stood guard. However, something pounced on his back and he fell forward. What had lept onto his back was a great, red-haired hound trying to sink its sharp fangs into his neck.

In an instant, [Adol](#) jumped to his feet, shaking the Rheboll off himself. Upon doing so, an intense pain shot through his back. Just before he had thrown the creature off, it had sunk its claws into him and [Adol](#) was left with 6 long, thin wounds on his back. His back started to feel like it was on fire and [Adol](#) could feel his wounds pulsing. Before his eyes, more Rheboll joined - becoming not just one, but two, three - Eventually, six! They let loose an unnerving growl from deep in their throats to threaten [Adol](#).

No matter how one might look at the situation, [Adol](#) was at a clear disadvantage. [Adol](#) was hemorrhaging blood every second, staining the ground beneath him. Eventually, he would lose consciousness and fall victim to the Rheboll. [Adol](#) was facing off against these six Rheboll with the small brook between them. Holding the spear in their direction, [Adol](#) backed off in retreat step by step. Now was not the time to fight. Short of doing anything he could to find someone and requesting their help, he had no chance at victory. [Adol](#) very, very careful, continued to make his retreat. His footsteps began to redden with the blood gushing out from his back and falling to the ground.

One Rheboll, unable to bear waiting any longer, lept at [Adol](#). [Adol](#) bent forward and lunged at the creature, aiming for its throat. It was a splendid hit and the Rheboll that had so hastily lept at him fell to the ground with a muted yelp.



The other five Rheboll saw what happened and briefly recoiled, but, gradually, began to renew their approach. Adol began to sweat and his breathing became harsh. After about 10 minutes, he would no longer be able to move. This is what the Rheboll were hoping for.

Adol had made it quite far from the brook and both he and his combatants were slowly headed towards the beach. The burning sun was dazzling as they came out onto the sand. It was already painful for Adol to walk and his breathing had become even more harsh. His body was drenched in sweat.

"I can't die in a place like this!" Adol, screaming this thought internally, had already pushed his body close to its limits.

The Rheboll split up and tried to surround Adol. Their goal was to leap at him all at once and deal him a sort of finishing blow.

The Rheboll began to circle him round and round and Adol stopped walking. He positioned his spear horizontally and concentrated so that he could react no matter which direction the attack would come from. One of the Rheboll barked and, using this as a signal, all five lept at him. Adol mustered the last of his strength and jumped forward, slicing his spear straight and true.



He had cut horizontally across the eye of one Rheboll and across the belly of another. Although the wounds weren't fatal, the two creatures lost their will to fight and began to writhe in agony on the beach. However, Adol was not able to remain fully conscious and, shuddering, collapsed.

The remaining three Rheboll began to drool and drew closer.

However, just then, there were great sounds that came from the west. From the west, the Rheboll and the barely conscious Adol were able to see dozens of men, many holding in their hands gongs and drums and such and approaching the scene of the battle. In addition to these men were also, among them, some holding swords. Seeing these unexpected reinforcements, the three Rheboll left Adol and swiftly fled back to the forest. Although Adol was barely conscious, he remembered someone picking him up and carrying him under their arms.

"Hey, hold on there!"

Adol tried to focus his half-closed eyes, but everything was blurry and he couldn't make anything out. He could just hear voices.

"These are serious wounds!" a hoarse voice, said.

"Well whatever happened, just bring him to the house. If I work on him now, I might still be able to save him."

This vigorous, resonant voice was the last thing that Adol heard before he lost consciousness.



## The Port Town of Barbado

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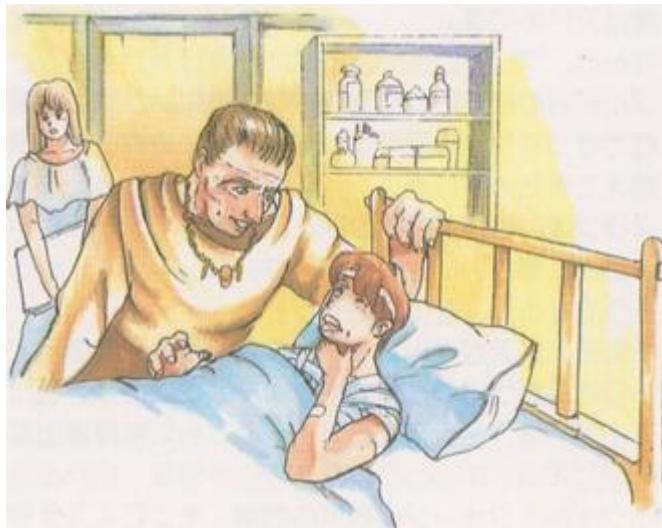
Adol woke up from his long, tumultuous sleep and found himself laid on a soft, fluffy bed.

"Ah, you've come to, have you?" By his bedside sat an older man with white hair who was looking at his face.

"I-is this...?" Adol was surprised himself at how hoarse his voice was.

"You're in a hospital at Barbado." The old man replied in a gruff voice. It was the same voice that he had heard on the beach.

"I... Was rescued?!"



"Yeah, our town's guards found you and rushed to help. You were in an awful rough spot."

The old man stuck his head out into the hallway and ordered the nurse make him some rice porridge. He then asked Adol if he didn't want something to eat. However, Adol did not have much appetite, so he shook his head.

The old man ordered the nurse to also bring in two or three nutritional foods alongside the porridge and then closed the door.

"If we don't get you some nutrition, you'll never recover!" The old man looked concerned and took a seat.

"Come to think of it, we haven't introduced ourselves yet. I'm Bludo and I run this here town of Barbado."

"I'm Adol. Adol Christin."

"And where in the hell did you come from, Adol?"

"I came from the south. From Promalock." Bludo, upon hearing this, looked instantly skeptical.

"Promalock, you say? So, you came through the Stormwall, huh?" Adol silently nodded.

"I don't believe it. How the heck would you even go about getting through that thing? Not to mention..." Just then, a man entered with suntanned skin and good health.

"Dad! So, that young guy woke up, huh!"

"Slaff, you're early. How were the fish?!"

"We had quite the haul. Now, as for this guy..."

Bludo stood up and introduced [Adol](#) to the large man. "This is my son – Slaff."

"This is the guy that carried me from the beach! Thank you so much for that!" [Adol](#) extended his hand and Slaff shook it.

"You really looked pretty bad. I'm relieved." Slaff grinned widely.

"I'm [Adol](#)."

"What was this you were saying about coming from [Promalock](#)?" At Bludo's question, the smile vanished from Slaff's face, replaced with surprise.

"W-what?! You came from [Promalock](#)?! So, the Stormwall..."

"He says he came through it."

For some time, Slaff stood, mouth agape, dumbfounded. Eventually, he muttered "I can't really say anything to respond to that except that you must have had incredibly good luck."

"Must be, must be."

Just then, there was a knock on the door and the nurse came in carrying [Adol's](#) meal. "For today, eat well and have a good rest. Tomorrow, we can come visit again." Saying this, Bludo and Slaff exited the room.

[Esteria's](#) only port was [Barbado](#) on the western tip of Whitehorn Beach. This small town of less than 100 people once prospered from the hustle and bustle of many merchants coming and going from overseas to trade for the minerals it was possible to get in [Esteria](#). However, since the Stormwall arrived in the [Duarl Sea](#), it had returned to just being a lonely fishing village. [Adol](#) was getting care for the wounds in his back in a small room in the stone hospital, which was built on high ground in the village.

According to the doctor, if they had been just an hour late in stopping [Adol's](#) bleeding, he would no longer be with them. They said it would probably take about three days for him to fully recover from his injuries.

"Until you recover, just take it easy and rest. Don't fret about money. We're kind to travellers here in [Barbado](#)."

The next day, Bludo and his son came to visit [Adol](#) and said: "Alright, there's one thing we'd like to know." Bludo continued, "What exactly did you come here for?! You should have known to be terrified of a country where evil resides like this one!" Slaff was in agreement with what his father said.

So, [Adol](#) began telling them of leaving his hometown and the various countries he had travelled around. He continued, explaining that he had heard of the mysterious circumstances of [Esteria](#) while he was in [Promalock](#). "The people who had tried to investigate these strange circumstances all lost their lives. I thought that I might try to investigate the mystery myself."

"So you came here for that?!" Bludo and his son stared at Adol, shocked.

"What exactly has happened here in Esteria?"

"None of us know the details. Suddenly, monsters started appearing and began to attack us. We can't really tell you anything beyond these obvious facts." Bludo, looking bitter, answered Adol.

"If you go to the fortress town of Minea up north, there might somehow be someone who knows something about it, but I probably wouldn't rely on that."

"However..." Slaff grumbled. "If we stay like this, just sitting here doing nothing, someday the monsters will destroy us. Make no mistake - they'll take over Esteria."

Adol asked why, if they thought that, they hadn't tried to investigate the source of the problem.



Slaff answered with a bitter laugh. "Oh I've thought to do that countless times. However, my job requires me to protect the people of the Barbado. I have no desire to indirectly kill everyone to indulge my own ego." Slaff stood up from his chair and, saying he was going to go out fishing, left the room.

"That stuff bugs me too." Bludo grumbled, watching his son from the window as he departed the hospital. "Deep down, I have to suppress my desire to have these mysterious circumstances invested with my belief that the villagers must be protected. If I were just 10 years younger, I'd send Slaff out on a journey to investigate this stuff."

Until now, Adol did not really understand what was going on in Slaff or Bludo's hearts. He regretted how much this was bothering them.

Three days passed and Adol's wounds completely healed. He left the hospital and started walking towards the port. Barbado was rather small compared to Promalock and the stone warehouse that was once jam-packed with minerals had now half fallen into ruin. In the docks, there were no large ships. Rather, there were as much as 20 smaller fishing boats moored tightly in a line, hull-to-hull, as if they were close friends.

As Adol was looking at the fishing boats, a voice called out to greet him. It was Slaff. He was the supervisor here at the docks and also the lead fisherman in charge of handling any issues related to the

boats. Slaff told [Adol](#) that the boats here only went out fishing before dawn and after sunset, so during the day they stayed moored here.

"So what can you catch a lot of around here?"

"Oh you can catch just about anything. It's ironic, but thanks to the Stormwall, fish from all over get brought to this coast by the current."

"Don't you still get struck by a storm if you were to try heading out for [Promalock](#)?"

"Ah, yeah about 10 days ago there was a guy who came from [Minea](#) who just decided to take a boat out and, before long, he was sucked into the storm."

The two started walking towards the storehouse during this quiet afternoon in the harbor. On the horizon, they were able to see, faintly, the mountains of [Glia](#). Spreading out from the foot of these mountains should have been the town of [Promalock](#), but they were not able to see it clearly.

"So how did you find [Promalock](#)? It was probably your first time to a place like that, huh."

"It was quite busy for sure. I saw people from various countries, the hustle and bustle of the ships coming and going, and other things. If I were to be frank, I was taken aback since that sort of liveliness was only found in my hometown around the autumn festival."

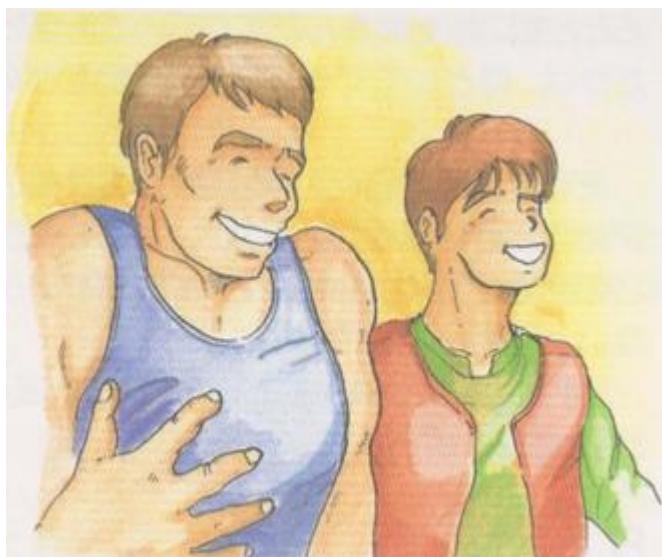
"Ah, so it felt like your festival every day there, eh?"

"Whatever the circumstances might be, if every day is a festival, I think you'd get totally exhausted."

"Quite right!" The two burst out laughing, loudly.

Just then, a gong rang out from the watchtower in the center of town.

"Sadly, it looks like a group of monsters are attacking." Slaff quickly ran off towards the watchtower and [Adol](#) accompanied him.



"Where are they coming from? How many?!" Slaff swiftly climbed the 20 meyle high watchtower and asked the man who rang the gong.

"From the north - about 20 Curloids." Slaff looked in that direction with a telescope. The Curloids, pallid blueish dwarves, had formed two lines and were headed down the road that connected [Minea](#) and [Barbado](#).

"These bastards again! They still haven't learned from last time!"

Slaff handed the telescope to [Adol](#). "I've got to head out to where everyone is to direct the fight. You wait here!"

"Please let me fight!"

Slaff grinned widely and patted [Adol](#) on the head.

"I appreciate your feelings, but you're a guest in this village. I have no desire to have our guests meet any danger. Please understand."

[Adol](#) nodded in resignation and Slaff gave him another broad grin and climbed down the watchtower. Slaff said something to the group of men who had gathered in the town square and, after they took arms, they all headed north.

The monsters and Slaff's men began violently fighting on the road. There were 20 of them and Slaff had 30. In terms of strength, Slaff's men had the upper-hand. They quickly gained an advantage in the battle and the monsters disbanded and fled to the north.

[Adol](#) climbed down the watchtower and ran over to where Slaff was. Slaff and his men had all received light wounds. Seeing [Adol](#) approach, Slaff waved at him.

"Well, you finished that exceptionally easily!"

"What? Well, for us, fighting guys like that - we might as well be fighting babies!" Slaff said, laughing, and returned to his home.

However, the monster attacks weren't limited to just that day. They continued every day and every night. Moreover, as the days passed, the monsters got stronger.

"Do these bastards intend to totally destroy our town?!" It wasn't just Slaff - everyone in the town started getting anxious about this. The monsters wanted to reach the fishing area on the coast and the ships in the harbor. Beyond just getting food, they intended to cross to the lands of Europa in the sea. For that reason, no matter what it took, this harbor alone had to be defended to the last breath. It was imperative to keep the advance of the monsters at bay.

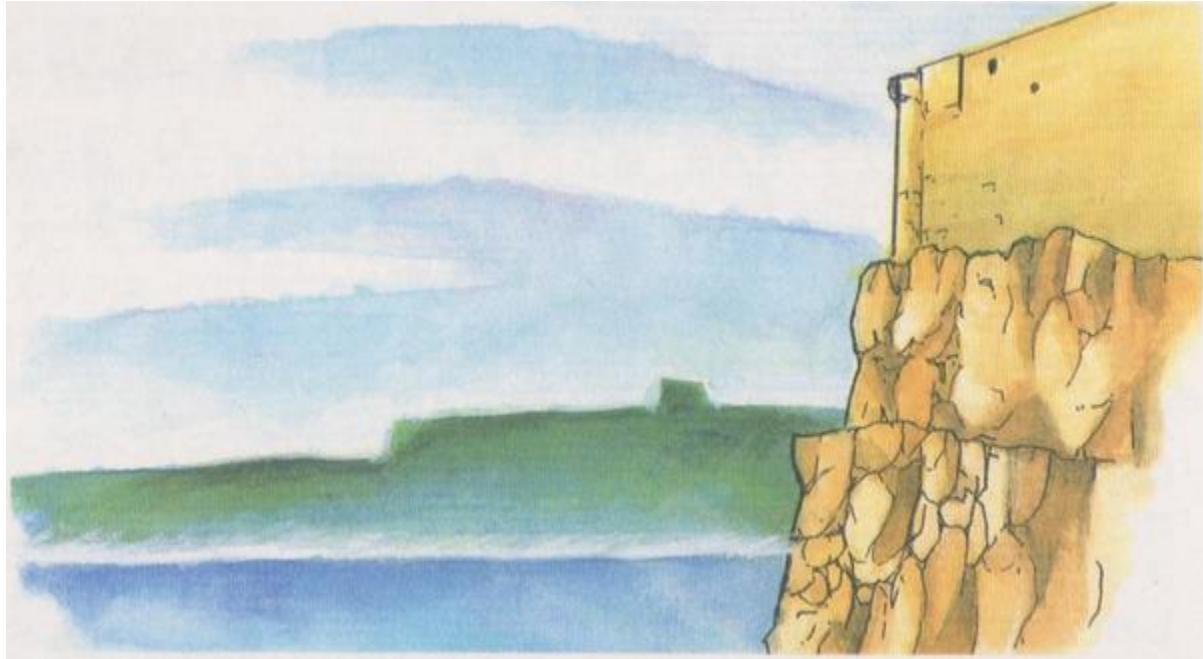
It was during these daily conflicts that [Adol](#) decided he would finally head north to the town of [Minea](#). Leaving [Barbado](#) without being able to pay back the kindness paid to him was difficult. However, he decided that if he did not strike out to investigate the source of these monsters, true peace could never come.

[Adol](#) received food, clothing, and 1000 gold from Bludo and embarked on his journey away from [Port Barbado](#).

## Our Story Begins

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[Adol](#) had travelled about a half hour north along the road that connected [Port Barbado](#) and [Minea](#) when he saw in front of him 10 meyle high walls, surrounding a village on four sides. This had to be the famous "fortress town" of [Minea](#). The town only had one entrance, on the north side, so for [Adol](#), who had approached it from the south, there was nothing to do but walk along the walls until he got to the other side. However, the road leading to the north entrance ran alongside a cliff. If he were to misstep just once, he was at risk of falling to the sea below, which was full of boulders jutting out from the depths 10 meyle below him.



[Adol](#) carefully took one step at a time and, somehow, managed to make it to the north entrance. North of that entrance was a single bridge. The bridge was also as much as 10 meyle above sea level. On the other side, he could see more cliffs. For now, [Adol](#) entered the town.

The town seemed to be orderly and he could see many people going here and there. This seemed to be a more populous town than [Barbado](#). However, it did not seem to be terribly lively. All of the houses were quiet and there did not seem to be many customers in the stores.

In any event, today, this was going to be the point of departure for [Adol's](#) new journey. [Adol](#) stood again in front of the entrance to the town and looked north, up at the gigantic tower soaring in the distance. There had to be something there. He felt that at the very bottom of his heart.

[Adol](#) headed back into town. He could feel his anticipation growing that here would be the start of a grand adventure.



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## Land Map of Ys

